AN

ELEGY

OR,

Copy of Verſes,

Lamenting the late Mortality of Two Godly and Religious

MINISTERS,

Mr. *T. H.* of *Briſtol* and Mr. *J. G.* of *London.*

Who Departed this Life *September* and *October* 1678.

WHen Death ſo bold in *Levie*'s Tribe appears,
Who ever ſtops his ſighs, or ſaves his Tears,
May by that ſullen *Stoicy* declare
Much (I confeſs) of the Philoſopher:
But ſuch a ſenſeleſs Carriage will expreſs
But little of a Chriſtian tenderneſs;
Which to a faithful Paſtor, next ſhould be
To that reſpect he pays the *Deitie*:
For they are his Embaſſadors, and Men
For whom we cannot have too great Eſteem.
Divines we ſhould with Veneration treat,
As th'Angel-Guardians of our Souls Eſtate.
Nay we ſhould love them too, and when they die
Should weep at leaſt a Doleful *ELEGIE.*
If this be true (as certainly it is;
For they inform us of Eternal Bliſs)
LONDON! how many Seas of Tears do'ſt thou
To ſeveral late Deceaſed Paſtors owe?
Men Orthodox, Authentick, and Divine;
Of Lives unſpotted, Piety ſublime:
True to their Charge, and in their Dealings juſt.
Free in their Labours, faithful to their Truſt.
Ready by wholſome Counſel to repair
The broken reſt of Sinners in deſpair.
And by Salubrious Precepts to diſpoſe
Eſtabliſht Souls to a more Calm Repoſe.
How many Tears, I ſay, do'ſt thou eſteem
Thy ſelf indebted for the loſs of them?

Ah hoodwinkt *World!* were you not blind as Moles?
Did you but know the Danger of your Souls?
What Wolves way-lay you? You would ſigh and groan,
'Soon as you heard your Faithful *Shepherds* gone.

One of the number, my Deceaſed Friend,
For ſound Advice I gladly did attend.
And as I hope, may modeſtly eſteem
My Courſe to Heav'n advanced much by him.
I could have willingly my Fortune try'd;
And giv'n my *All*, in Caſe he had not dy'd.
But at th'effects of Death we vainly grieve,
There's no place for Redemption nor Reprieve:
When we're once call'd, the beſt but idly ſue,
Since at its Summons they ſurrender too.
"But they're but fall'n aſleep, they are not dead;
"Although they're gone from hence and buried.
"Therefore why do we mourn thus, and lament,
"As if we were paſt hope, and all were ſpent.
"God can raiſe Meſſengers a number more;
"And *where there is but one, can make a ſcore.*
"Therefore let always now our Prayers call
"Upon the Lord above, for to let fall
"Abundance of his Spirit, that there may
"Be Goſpel Preachers ſtill increas'd each day.
The Seventh day Sabbath he ſtoutly did with-ſtand,
And firmly prov'd the *Firſt* by *Chriſts* Command.
And bright Examples, men were to obey,
And to keep Holy as the Sabbath-day.
In ſhort, what e'r the World could well eſteem,
In *Humane Nature*, might be found in them.
They were both Pious, Humble, Learned, Lowly,
In Cenſures modeſt, Converſation holy;
Free to Communicate the beſt they had;
Nor only Ready to do Good, but Glad.
"Nor did theſe Holy Men ever forbear
"To bid their Pious Auditors beware
"That they did not into a Slumber fall,
"As Fooliſh Virgins, at the Midnight Call.
"But if I ſhould their Vertues all ſet forth,
"This Paper muſt be boundleſs, as their Worth.
It is enough to ſay, whil'ſt they did live,
They did Example to all Mankind give.
'Twill be our part to pay them due eſteem,
And by our Godly Lives to follow them:
That when this Life ends, and our Glaſs is run,
We may ſubmit; and ſay God's will be done. *Acts* 21.14.

FINIS.

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WITH ALLOWANCE. 112.